

CEPHALVS

& PROCRIS. C.40e63



NARCISSVS.

*Aurora musæ amica.*



LONDON

Imprinted by *Iohn Wolfe.*

1 5 9 5.





To the Right worshipfull Master  
*Thomas Argall Esquire.*

**D**Eere Sir the titles resyant to your state,  
Meritorious due: because my penne is statelesse,  
I not set downe, nor will I straine it foorth,  
To tilt against the Sunne, with seeming speeches,  
Suffizeth all are ready and awaite,  
With their hartes-soule, and Artes perswasive mistresse,  
To tell the louely honor, and the worth,  
Of your deseruing praise, Heroicke graces :  
What were it then for me to praise the light?  
When none, but one, commendes darke shady night.

Then as the day is made to shame the sinner,  
To staine obscuritie, inur'd supposes,  
And maintaine Artes inestimable treasure,  
To blind-fold Enuie, barbarisme scorning.  
O with thy fauour, light a young beginner,  
From margining reproach, Satyricke gloses,  
And gentle Sir, at your best pleasing leysure,  
Shine on these cloudy lines, that want adorning,  
That I may walke, where neuer path was seene,  
In shadie groues, twisting the mirtle greene.

*Thomas Edwards.*



## To the Honorable Gentlemen & true fauourites of Poetrie.



*V*diciall and courteous, least I be thought in this  
my boldnesse, to Imitate Irus, that car'd not  
to whome he bar'd his nakednesse, so hee might  
be clothed. Thus much vnder your fauours I  
protest, that in writing of these twoo imperfect  
Poemes, I haue ouergonne my selfe, in respect of what I wish to be  
perfourmed: but for that diuers of my friendes haue slak't that  
feare in me, & (as it were) heau'd me onwards to touch the lap of  
your accomplished vertues. I haue thus boldly, what in a yeare  
bene studiously a dooing now in one day (as our custome is) set to  
the view of your Heroicke censures.

Base necessitie, which schollers hate as ignorance, hath beene  
Englanddes shame, and made many liue in bastardy a long time:  
Now is the sap of sweete science budding, and the true honor of  
Cynthia vnder our climate girt in a robe of bright tralucent  
lawne: Deckt gloriously with bayes, and vnder her faire raigne,  
honoured with euerlasting renowne, fame and Maiesty.

O what is Honor without the complementes of Fame? or the  
liuing sparkes in any heroicke gentleman? not sowzed by the ada-  
mantine Goate-bleeding impression of some Artist.

Well could Homer paint on Vlysses shield, for that Vlysses  
faueur made Homer paint.

Thrice happy Amintas that bode his penne to sleepe in the  
muses golden type of all bounty: whose golden penne bode all  
knightes stoope, to thy O thrice honoured and honorable vertues.

The teares of the muses haue bene teared from Helicon. Most  
haue endeoured to appease Iupiter, some to applause Mercury,  
all to honor the deities. Iupiter hath beene found pleasant, Mer-  
cury

curry plausible, all plyant; but few knowne to distill Ambrosia  
from heauen to feast men that are mortall on earth.

How many when they toss their pens to eternize some of their  
fauourites, that although it be neuer so exquisite for the Poeme, or  
excellent for memoriall: that either begin or end not with the de-  
scription of blacke and ugly night, as who would say, my thoughts  
are obscur'd and my soule darkened with the terrour of obliuion.

For me this restes, to wish that such were eyther dum & could  
not speake, or deafe and could not heare, so not to tune their statelie  
verse to enchant others, or ope their eares to the hurt of theselues.

But why temporize I thus, on the intemperature of this our  
clymate? wherein liue to theselues, Schollers and Emperours;  
esteeming bountie as an ornament to dazell the eie, and telling to  
themselves wonders of themselves, wherein they quench honor  
with fumes wings, and burne maiestie with the title of ingrati-  
tude, and some there are (I know) that hold fortune at hazard, &  
trip it of in buskin, till I feare me they will haue nothe but skin.

Silly one, how thou tatlest of others want? is it not an ordina-  
ry guise, for some to set their neighbours house on fire, to warme  
themselves? beleue me courteous gentlemen, I walke not in clouds,  
nor can I shro'dly morralize on any, as to describe a banquet be-  
cause I am hungry, or to shew how coldly schollers are recompensd,  
because I am poore, onely I am urg'd as it were to paraphrase on  
their doinges with my penne, because I honour learning with my  
hart. And thus benigne gentlemen, as I began, so in duty I  
end, euer prest to do you all seruice.

Thomas Edwards.





# CEPHALVS

and Procris.

A periphrasis  
of the Night.

**F**aire and bright *Cynthia*, Ioues great ornament,  
Richly adorning nightes darke firmament,  
Scoured amidst the starry Canapie,  
Of heauens celestiaall gouernement, well nie  
Downe to the euer ouer-swellling tide,  
Where old *Oceanus* was wont t'abide,  
At last began to crie, and call amaine,  
Oh what is he, my loue so long detaines !  
Or i't *Ioues* pleasure *Cynthia* shall alone,  
Obscure by night, still walke as one forlorne:  
Therewith away she headlong postes along  
Salt washing waues, rebellious cloudes among,  
So as it seem'd minding the heauens to leaue,  
And them of light, thus strangely to bereaue.

A description  
of the Mor-  
ning.

\* With that *Aurora* starting from her bed,  
As one that standes deuising, shakes his head,  
Not minding either this or that to doe,  
So are her thoughtes, nor quicke, nor ouerflow;  
*Phebus* halfe wrothe to see the globe stand still,  
The world wait light, a woman haue her will:

To

## *Cephalus and Procris.*

To post forth gan another *Phaeton*,  
And swore once more, he should the world vppon,  
Or as tis thought to trie th'aduentrous boy.  
Yet some suppose, he meant vpon this day,  
A Sympathy of sorrowes to aduaunce.  
The boy thus proude-made, hotly gan to praunce,  
And now heauens coape, *Ioues* pallace chrystaline  
Downe dingeth *Atlas*, and straight doth decline  
In such abundant measure, as tis said,  
Since that same day the light of heauen's decaide,  
A metamorphosis on earth mong'st men,  
As touching constancy hath bene since then,  
And this is true maidens, since that same day,  
Are saide for louers neuer more to pray.

But to returne, *Phebe* in million teares,  
Moanes to her selfe, and for a time forbears,  
*Aurora* she her swift bright shining rayes,  
On *Phebus* charyot tosse, and oft assayes,  
With her sweete lookes, her fathers wroth t'appease,  
But all she doth, he tels her, doth disease,  
Like to the vncorrected headstrong childe,  
That neuer felt his parentes strokes but milde,  
Growne vp to riper yeares, disdaines a checke:  
(For nature ouergon comes to defect:)

So now *Aurora* hauing felt the pride  
Of heauen and earth, turning her selfe a side,  
Rapt with a suddaine extasie of minde,  
Vnto her selfe (thus said) Goddesse diuine:  
How hapt that *Phebus* mou'd amid his chase,  
Should such kinde friendship scorne for to imbrace,  
I will no more (quoth she) godd it along  
Such vnaccustom'd wayes, ne yet among

Such



## Cephalus and Procris.

Such as is *Titan*, better fittes it me,  
 With *Vesper* still to liue, then such as he,  
 Though well I wot, honor is set on high,  
 Yet gentle *Humilitie*, is best say I.  
 No more she spake, but like the swelling tide,  
 That hauing passage skymes, scorning a guide,  
 Vntill the vaste receipte of *Neptunes* bower,  
 Kils the hoat fume, euen so, away she skoures,  
 Lawlesse as twere fans thought or any dread,  
 Like to banditos mong' st the mountaine heard.

Aurora filia  
 Titanis &  
 Terræ.

And now vpon her gentle louely \* mother,  
 Bright as the morning, comes the mornings honor,  
 All snowy white, saue purpled heere and there,  
 So beautifull as beauty might despaire,  
 And stand amaz'd, noting her wanton eie,  
 Which at a trice could all the world espie,  
 Vpon her head, a coronet did stand,  
 Of seuerall flowers gathered by *Titan*.

\* An imitation  
 taken from  
 the Thra-  
 cians called  
 Aeroconia,  
 that vsually  
 weare long  
 haire downe  
 to their waists.

\* A vail she wore downe trayling to her thighs,  
 The stuffe whereof, I gesse, of such emprize,  
 As Gods themselues are doubtfull of the arte,  
 Seeming as aire with otomic disperst,  
 Her handes, a meny Poets \* dead and gone,  
 Haue heretofore (excelling) wrote vpon.

\* Dead as mē.

It shall suffice *Venus* doth grace to her,  
 In that she waites before, like to a Starre,  
 Directing of her steps along' st the zone,  
 Neuer ouertaken by the *Horizon*,  
 Neyet in daunger put of any Lake,  
 The frozen Pole she warnes her to forsake :  
 And all \* *Licurgus* daughters *Dion* noates,  
 Base in respect of ductie, and out-coates,

Pleiades the  
 seauen starres,  
 supposed to be  
 the daughters  
 of *Licurgus*.



Each



